The New *Irish*

GARLAND.

Composed of 4 Delightful

SONGS.

1st. *The Happy Pair.*

Anthe the lovely the joy of her Swain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd and lov'd *Iphis* again,
She liv'd in the Youth and the Youth in the Fair.
Their pleasure was equal and equal their care,
No time no enjoyment their dorage with drew,
But the longer they liv'd but the longer they liv'd
still the fonder they grew -

A Passion so happy allarm'd all the Plain,
Some Envi'd the Nimph but more Envi'd *the* Swain,
Some swore twould be pitty their Loves to invade
that the lover alone for each other was made,
But all consented that none ever knew
A Nimph Yet so kind, a Nimph yet so kind
Or a Sheppard so true.

For in the beginning of love we do find, (kind
they strove in their Love which should *prove still most*
the Swain and the Nimph by the dawn of the day,
with Innocent Love past the *minutes* away,
[illegible] Arms give thase Lovers their [illegible]

They always were constant, they always
and always were true.
And several years their true Love has gone on,
And they are as fond as when first they begun,
No End there's of loving the Nimph she does cry,
No, no says the Sheppard i'll love till i die,
So loving this Pair was so constant and true,
that the longer they lov'd, that the longer *they lov'd,*
still the fonder they grew
love saw 'em with pleasure and vow'd to take care
of the faithful, the tender, the Innocent Pair,
what either did want he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing but Ever to love,
said 'twas all that to *bless them his* god-*Head could do*
unless they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,
And they still might be true.

2. *The Jovial Libertine, Or: the Indifferent lover-*
tune of *Cold and temperate am i grown.*

I Am a Jovial Libertine,
who never could my heart confine,
To any one fair beauty bright,
Varietys is my delight,
A figg for Cupid and his dart,
True Love shall never break my heart.
I ever was and will be free,
from *all* chains of tyranny,
for if i find a Girl so coy,
That i cannot her charms enjoy,
With her that minute will i part,
true Love shall never break my heart.
i'le court a widdow for her Gold,
So long as e're the same shall hold,
and when find she has no more,

Some other ſhe i will adore,
My Youthful fancy to divert,
true Love ſhall never break my heart.

'Tis not the black the brown the fair,
Altho' they Young and wealthy are,
ſhall bring me under ſolemnties,
No, no my liberty i priſe,
i'll take, i'll leave, i'll meet, i'll part,
true love ſhall never break my heart.

If *Phillis* does her kindneſs ſhow,
Then ſmilling to her i will go,
but if ſhe frowns i frown again,
And never in the leaſt complain,
bnt as we meet ſo do we part,
true Love ſhall never break my heart.

I count him but a fooliſh Elff,
that either Hangs or Drowns himſelf,
for womens pride or ſcornful frowns,
i'd kick them through a dozen Towns,
before i'd undergo that ſmart,
true Love ſhall never break my heart.

'Twas woman ruin'd man at firſt,
And ſince ſome has been ſo unjuſt,
no ſooner has the knot been ty'd,
but the man has been horniſy'd,
I think of this ſo for my part,
true Love ſhall never break my heart.

Lets drink a health a ſmilling bowl,
to e'ery gallant noble ſoul,
Who ſcorns to come with cringing boughs,
nay ſneak and whine to Madam blouze,
if merry meet, ſo merry part,
True love ſhall never break my heart.

3d. The Heartless Lover.

O [illegible]emperate am I groan,
Since I can't call my heart my own,
ancy and I did comely play,
Whilst *Auroris* burns, and melts away,
Not all those wanton hours spent,
Shall call me from my hearts content.

Loves Mistress grafted in my sight,
And flatters me with a fond delight;
But since I find its but a Face,
It has stole my Heart out of its place,
but Love forgive me, and i'll no more,
But thy Orders I will still adore.

Loves Object may well compared be,
Like to a Ship, that floats on the Sea,
Cables and Ankers all attend,
Our skilful Pilot to commend,
The Weather fair, & the Coast being clear,
What Danger needs our Ships to fear.

but if a sudden storm shou'd rise,
And dismal Clouds that dims the Skyes,
And *Boreas* blustering Winds shou'd blow,
What Marriner can steer her o'er,
Cables breaks, and Tydes runs Cross,
Our Anchor falls, and all are lost.
(Main,
So runs the Tydes of Love, far o're the
Loves, and are not beloved again:
Thus are the Tydes of Seas croft,
Cables and Anchors all are lost,
Expecting every silent hour,

The ſwelling Seas ſhou'd us devour.
when Neptune's Roaring billows Roul,
with Swelling Seas, the weather foul,
and Lightning flaſhing from the skies,
it does poor Marriners ſurprize,
ſo is the lover quite deſtroy'd,
when Love for love is not enjoy'd.

ſometimes againſt a craggee Rock,
a ſhip Receives a fatal ſhock,
nay ſplit and rackt from head to ſtern,
when they no ſafty can deſern;
ſo Lovers often may Complain,
of the hard Rock of high diſdain.

ſometimes a ſhip is toſt on high,
as if the top-maſt toucht the sky;
then down again perhaps as low;
thus love is toſſed two and thro,
as is a ſhip; for love can change,
from ſmiles to frowns, and apt to Range.

but when the ſeas are calm and clear,
How pleaſant does the Pilot ſteer
the ſhip, and plow the marvel main,
no frightful fear to entertain,
ſo lovers when in love they joyn,
the harmony is ſweet and fine.

let ſhips and lovers from this day,
meet with no tempeſt to delay,
their paſſage to the happy port,
where Kings or *Cupids* keeps their Court,
then wealth and pleaſure ſhall encreaſe,
to give their lovers laſting peace.

2d. *The Careleſs Gallant: or, a light heart to be Perfarr'd before a heavy purſe.*

To the Tune of, Hey for the black and the Brown

YOU Frollickſome ſparks of the Game,
and Miſers both wretched and Old,
Come liſten to *Billy* by name,
who once had a Hat full of Gold,
With *Sevenſcore Acres* of Land,
full Barn and Cattle great ſtore,
Tho' now I have none at command,
Yet am I as brisk as before,
I never would ſtudie for Riches,
nor any ſuch glittering toys,
a light heart and a thin pair of Breedbes,
goes thorow the world brave Boys.

My was Cloathed in Leather,
my Mother in courſe ruſet *Gray*,
They labour'd in all ſorts of weather,
that i might go gallant and gay;
Alas they was loving and kind,
and brought their Son up to the Law,
Which practice i ſeldom did mind,
I valu'd it not of a ſtraw,
For why ſhould i ſtudie for riches, &c.

At length when *my* Father he *dy'd*,
he left me a worthy Eſtate,
I put on the Garments of pride,
and liv'd at a plentiful rate,
my Rapier, my Muff, Hat and Feather,
with a heart full as light as a Cork,
the Old Dad had rakt it together

I threw abroad with a fork;
for why ſhould I ſtudy for riches, *&c*,

The Merchant that trades on the Seas,
for riches we very well known,
His heart it is ſeldom at eaſe,
When bluſtering Wind they do blow,
His happineſs can be but ſmall,
for fear of ſome ſorrowful news:
But he that has nothing at all,
he little or nothing can loſe,
Wherefore i'le not ſtudy for riches, *&c.*

the Miſer that lets out his Gold,
that ſo it may breed and increaſe,
When any ſad ſtory is told;
He loſſes the bleſſing of Peace,
His heart is as heavy as lead,
which throws him ſtrait into a fret,
So that he can't ſleep in his bed,
For fear they ſhould break in his debt,
Therefore s'le not ſtudy, &c.

Suppoſe I had Bags upon Baggs,
then ſhould i have cares upon cares,
'tware better be cloathed in rags,
ſuch as a poor Fuddle Cap wares,
Then guard ſuch a wonderful ſum:
for Thieves they may plunder by night,
And you know where ever they come,
they put a man into a fright,
then why ſhould I ſtudy for riches, *&c.*

My fortune is pritty well ſpent,
my Land, with my Cattle and C
a m as full of conte
e'er I

I am not incumber'd with wealth
my pockets are drean'd very *dry*,
i'le walk where i pleaſe for my health,
and never fear Robbing, not I,
Then fare You well polterie riches, &c.

ſhou'd they make me a *Juſtice* of *Peace*,
an *Alderman*, *Shrieff*, or *Lord Mayor*;
With treaſure my cares wou'd increaſe,
and drive almoſt to diſpair,
I love to be Jolly and free?
and not be concern'd with the ſtate,
My mind is Kingdom to me,
There's danger in being too great,
Then why ſhould i ſtudy for riches, &c.

They tell us that care kill'd a Cat,
it ſtarv'd her and caus'd her to die,
If ſo i will live and grow fat,
for the Devil a care have *I*,
then fill us a Cherriſhing boul,
to waſh away ſorrow and ſtriſe,
here's to e'ery jolly brave ſoul,
that never took care in his life,
Then why ſhould i ſtudy for riches;
Or any ſuch glittering toys:
A light heart and thin pair of britches,
goes thorrow the World brave boys.

Licenſed according to Order.